

Pout

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At an early age Hiccup found out fast, he had a gift. At first, he did not realize just how powerful it was, but the more he used it, the more he caught on, and the more he got his way. Yes, Hiccup loved his gift and used it any chance he got. Just the other day when one of the village women finished baking some of their honey bread all the children were outside waiting to get a piece. Of course, she denied them all, but Hiccup was smart. He waited until they all walked away in disappointed to go up to her. He gently tugged on her skirt making her look down and glare at the little guy.

"I thought I told all of you no," she sternly yelled at him, but Hiccup had his little gift to change her mind. He looked up at her and pouted making his bottom lip quiver slightly. The women looked at his green eyes that were on the verge of tears and sighed smiling at the young boy handing him a slice of the freshly baked bread. Hiccup looked up at her smiling taking a bite of the bread as she pressed a finger to her own lips, "Now don't you be telling the others you hear?" He nodded and finished the sweet honey goodness before running off to go find his forgotten friends.

Another time he used his gift was with his dad. Of course, this was the first time Hiccup found out he could get away with anything. He had accidentally spilled a bottle of ink on his father's cape and by

trying to cover up his mistake it only made it worse. He also took a mental note that oil does not get ink out of fur; in fact, it makes it more likable to catch it on fire. Either way as soon as his father found out all Hiccup did was his small little pout and made his father forget why he was mad in the first place.

Hiccup even had his power work on Gobber. That was the time he stole and hid the fake leg at the bottom of some coals. This of course led to Gobber's assistant to chuck the prosthetic into the inferno, but at least they now know the leg was not fire proof because of him.

The only person who he could never over power with his gift was his mother. He somehow managed to steal her sword and was trying his best to hold it in the same stance he had seen other do when they practice. While he was trying to twirl and fight his imaginary opponent his mother had caught him red handed.

"Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III! What do you think you are doing with my sword?" she yelled, her hands on her hips glaring at her son. He sheepishly held the weapon behind his back, which did no good behind his small frame.

"Nothing."

"Oh nothing huh? Then hand it over," she held her hand out waiting to take what was hers back.

"But mom, how else will I slay dragons without a sword?" he gripped the handle tightly not wanting to give it up.

"No buts mister, hand over my sword now." That is when Hiccup pouted his lip and looked up at his mom with his big green eyes as he slowly started to make his bottom lip quiver. Valhallarama smiled at her son and he really thought he had her until she snatched her weapon out of his hand and glared at him, "That may work on your father and the rest of the village but not on me mister." She replaced the blade back in its sheath and went to shoo him out of the house, "now go help Mildew harvest his cabbage."

"That's so boring though mom," Hiccup whined while he was pushed towards the cranky old Viking's home.

"Would you rather be grounded?" He shook his head and ran up the hill as she went back inside preparing for her next trip. Hiccup huffed as he went to the cabbage fields. Maybe one day he could get his mother to fall for his trick.

\*\*A/n: Another snip inside the Haddock home. Please Review.\*\*

End  
file.